



LORD LYTTTELTON.

Engraved after an Original Picture by Wale in the Collection of the late Bishop of Bristol by T. Cook
Printed for J. Bell, British Library London, March 2^d 1782.



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BELL'S EDITION
THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER TO BRYDGE.



LITTLETON.

Young Danton came unknowing where he stray'd
 Full of the image of his beauteous maid

Edgar Allan Poe



THE *Gal II D.C.*
POETICAL WORKS

OF

LORD LYTTTELTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR:

Thy heart, O LYTTTELTON! shall be my guide,
Its fire shall warm me and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy and all pride,
Firm as man's sense and soft as woman's love. HAMMOND.

O native Isle! fair Freedom's happiest seat!
At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat,
At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
And all my Country on my soul returns. TO DR. AYSCOUGH.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
LORD LYTTELTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The heart of LYTTELTON I shall be my guide,
In the hall where I once was a guest;
The heart of LYTTELTON I shall be my guide,
In the hall where I once was a guest.
The heart of LYTTELTON I shall be my guide,
In the hall where I once was a guest.
The heart of LYTTELTON I shall be my guide,
In the hall where I once was a guest.



EDINBURG:
AT THE BOOKSellers, BY THE MARRINS.
1781.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEO. LORD LYTTTELTON.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,		EPITAPHS,
EPISTLES,		INSCRIPTIONS,
SONGS,		IMITATIONS,

૩૨. ૩૮. ૩૮.

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart, inform'd by Reason's purer ray,
O LYTTTELTON, the friend!
Oft' conducted by Historic Truth
You tread the long extent of backward time,
Planning with warm benevolence of mind
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage
Britannia's weal, how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue and her arts revive;
Or turning thence thy view these graver thoughts
The Muses charm, while with sure taste refin'd
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song
Till nobly rises emulous thy own. THOMSON'S SUMMER.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEO. LORD LYTTLTON.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES, EPIGRAMS,
EPIQUES, INSCRIPTIONS,
IMITATIONS, SONGS.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM
PRINTED BY
JOHN JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.
1781.

EDINBURGH:
AT THE APOLLO BOOKS, BY THE MARRINE.
June 1781.

THE LIFE OF

of Mr. Lyttelton in 1731 in middle of Mr. Lyttelton

LORD LYTTLETON. with Lyttelton

Lyttelton of Lyttelton, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Lyttelton

GEORGE LYTTLETON, the Author of the following Poems, was son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley in Worcestershire, one of the Lords of Admiralty, and was born 17th January 1708-9. He received the first rudiments of education at Eaton School; where he early distinguished himself. From Eaton he went to Christ Church Oxford; and here he maintained the same superiour reputation. In 1728, being then nineteen, he began his travels, visited France and Italy, and on his return to his native country procured a seat in Parliament, (we believe for Oakhampton in Devon; which he represented in several parliaments) and entered warmly into the opposition against Sir Robert Walpole and his measures. There appears some ingratitude in this conduct, for whilst Lyttelton was in France Walpole's recommendations procured him the friendship of Prince Craon, of which there is evidence in Mr. Lyttelton's letter to his father dated from Lunenburg; "You will let Sir Robert Walpole know how much I am obliged to his letter; and do justice to Prince Craon, who has expressed his regard to it in the strongest manner, and by a kindness which I cannot enough acknowledge." *Lyttelton to his father* Frederick Prince of Wales received with open arms the opponents of the minister. Upon the resignation

of Mr. Pelham in 1737 Lyttelton was made his Secretary, with the addition of 240*l.* annually of salary. This fact appears from his letter to his father dated from Clifden; "I came here yesterday to thank his Royal Highness for having augmented my salary 240*l.* a-year, by putting it upon the same foot with that of Mr. Molyneux under the King when he was Prince." Walpole and his party being at length drove out, Lyttelton was in the 1744 made one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and now as warmly engaged in supporting as he formerly had in opposing the schemes of the ministry. This office he resigned in the 1754, on being appointed Cofferer to his Majesty's Household and Privy-Counsellor. In December 1755 having resigned the office of Cofferer he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the 1757 his services were rewarded with a peerage, being created Baron of Frankley.

In 1742 he married Lucy daughter of Hugh Fortescue of Tilleigh in Devonshire, Esq. by whom he had one son, Thomas, the late Lord Lyttelton, who married the widow of the late Colonel Peach, and a daughter (Dr. Johnson says two daughters) named Lucy, married to Arthur Earl of Anglesey in 1767. With this lady Mr. Lyttelton enjoyed the most perfect state of matrimonial felicity, which was broke through only by her death in the 1747. The sickness of this lady is feelingly described in Mr. Lyttelton's

forty-first letter to his father in the 1747, and he perpetuated her memory in a Monody written in the same year, that will be read whilst conjugal affection and a taste for poetry exist in this country.

Though for some time inconsolable for the death of his first lady he sought happiness in a second match, marrying in the 1749 Elisabeth daughter of Field Marshall Sir Robert Rich, Bart. It is said that the experiment was unsuccessful. This lady brought him no issue.

About the 1751 his father died, when the possession of an opulent estate devolved to him, which if he did not augment he was at least careful to adorn with expensive buildings and rural decorations. Hagley-Park, the scene of these lavish operations, is frequently described as a terrestrial Paradise.

Lord Lyttelton died 22d Aug. 1773, and was buried at Hagley. The following inscription is cut on the side of his lady's monument:

"This unadorned stone was placed here
 "By the particular desire and express
 "Directions of the late Right Honourable
 "George Lord Lyttelton,
 "Who died 22d Aug. 1773, aged 64."

We are told Lord Lyttelton had never the appearance of a strong or of a healthy man, and that he had a slender uncompact frame and a meagre face. Whatever truth there may be in these observations it is certain that at one period of life his Lordship entertain-

ed a more favourable opinion of his constitution, for in a letter to his father dated from the neighbourhood of Soissons in France he says, "I believe there is not a young man alive who has more happiness to boast of than myself, being *blest with a sound constitution, affectionate friends, and an easy fortune.*"

An affecting narrative of his Lordship's death has been given by his physician, which as it is descriptive of his moral character is here subjoined.

"On Sunday evening the symptoms of his Lordship's disorder, which for a week past had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his Lordship believed himself to be a dying man. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain; and though his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties never seemed stronger, when he was thoroughly awake.

"His Lordship's bilious and hepatick complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event: his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of different kinds, accounts for his loss of strength and for his death very sufficiently.

"Though his Lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering he waited for it with resignation. He said "it is a folly, a keeping me in misery, now to attempt to prolong life?" yet he was

“ easily persuaded, for the satisfaction of others, to do
“ or take any thing thought proper for him. On Sa-
“ turday he had been remarkably better, and we were
“ not without some hopes of his recovery.

“ On Sunday about eleven in the forenoon his
“ Lordship sent for me, and said he felt a great hurry,
“ and wished to have a little conversation with me in
“ order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the
“ fountain of that heart from whence goodness had so
“ long flowed as from a copious spring. “ Doctor,”
“ said he, “ you shall be my confessor. When I first
“ set out in the world I had friends who endeavoured
“ to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw
“ difficulties which staggered me, but I kept my mind
“ open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of
“ Christianity, studied with attention, made me a
“ most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian
“ religion: I have made it the rule of my life, and it
“ is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and
“ sinned, but have repented, and never indulged any
“ vicious habit. In politicks and publick life I have
“ made publick good the rule of my conduct. I never
“ gave counsels which I did not at the time think the
“ best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong,
“ but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured in
“ private life to do all the good in my power, and ne-
“ ver for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust
“ designs upon any person whatsoever.”

At another time he said, "I must leave my soul
in the same state it was in before this illness. I find
this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about
any thing."

On the evening, when the symptoms of death
came on, he said, "I shall die, but it will not be
of your fault." When Lord and Lady Valentia came
to see his Lordship, he gave them his solemn ben-
ediction, and said, "Be good, be virtuous, my Lord;
you must come to this." Thus he continued giving
his dying benediction to all around him. On Mon-
day morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes,
but these vanished in the evening, and he continued
dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday
morning August 22, when between seven and eight
o'clock he expired almost without a groan.

Of his Lordship's prose writings his Persian Letters,
Dialogues of the Dead, Observations on the Conver-
sion of St. Paul, and History of Henry II. are the most
known and read. Of the Letters, written when young,
Dr. Johnson observes "that the character of a young
man is visible in them;" and of The Dialogues, which
were very eagerly read, "that they seem the produc-
tion rather of leisure than of study; rather effusions
than compositions;" and that "he copied Fenelon
more than Fontenelle."

His Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul
were published in 1747. This treatise is looked upon

by some as unanswerable by the opponents of Christianity, of the truth of which in his youth his Lordship had fashionably doubted. It is said that from Gilbert West, author of *Observations on the Resurrection*, for which the university of Oxford dignified him with the title of Dr. of Laws, published same year, Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his *Dissertation on St. Paul*. Of this work his father, then alive, in a letter to his son expressed himself to the following purpose:

“ I have read your religious treatise with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear; the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eyewitness of that happiness which I do not doubt he will bountifully bestow upon you! In the mean-time I shall never cease glorifying God for having endowed you with such useful talents, and giving me so good a son. Your affectionate father. THOMAS LYTTELTON.”

His Lordship's last literary production, whether in prose or verse, was his *History of Henry II.* the result of much deliberation and of many years' researches.

Of his *Poems* Dr. Johnson says that “ they are the works of a man of literature and judgment devoting part of his time to versification. They have no-

“ thing to be despised and little to be admired. Of his
 “ Progress of Love it is sufficient blame to say that it
 “ is pastoral. His blank verse in Blenheim has neither
 “ much force nor much elegance. His little perform-
 “ ances, whether songs or epigrams, are sometimes
 “ spritely and sometimes insipid. His epistolary pieces
 “ have a smooth equability which cannot much tire
 “ because they are short, but which seldom elevates
 “ or surprises. But from this censure ought to be ex-
 “ cepted his Advice to Belinda, which though for the
 “ most part written when he was very young contains
 “ much truth and much prudence very elegantly and
 “ vigorously expressed, and shows a mind attentive to
 “ life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might
 “ have raised to excellence.”

MISCELLANIES

SOLILOQUY

OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY;

Written at Eaton School.

'Twas night, and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd;
There melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken Town;
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:
" Ah! what avails it to be young and fair, if
" To move with negligence, to dress with care;
" What worth have all the charms our pride can boast
" If all in envious solitude are lost?
" Where none admire it is useless to excel;
" Where none are beaux it is vain to be a belle:
" Beauty like wit to judges should be shown;
" Both most are valu'd where they best are known.
" With ev'ry grace of Nature or of Art
" We cannot break one stubborn country heart;
" The brutes insensible our power defy;
" To love exceeds a squire's capacity.
" The Town, the Court, is Beauty's proper sphere;
" That is our heav'n, and we are angels there: V20

- " In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove;
 " The Court of Britain is the Court of Love.
 " How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
 " How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
 " At each distinguish'd birthnight ball to see 25
 " The homage due to empire paid to me!
 " When ev'ry eye was fix'd on me alone,
 " And dreaded mine more than the Monarch's frown,
 " When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
 " Less jealous in their pow'r than in their love. 30
 " Chang'd is the scene, and all my glories die;
 " Like flow'rs transplanted to a colder sky;
 " Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 " The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
 " In stupid indolence my life is spent,
 " Supinely calm and dully innocent: 35
 " Unblest I wear my useless time away,
 " Sleep, wretched maid! all night and dream all day,
 " Go at set hours to dinner and to pray'r,
 " For Dulness ever must be regular: 40
 " Now with mamma at tedious whist I play,
 " Now without scandal drink insipid tea,
 " Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 " Secure from meeting any tempter there.
 " From books to work from work to books I rove, 45
 " And am, alas! at leisure to improve.—
 " Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?
 " Were eyes so radiant only made to read?

" These fingers, at whose touch ev'n Age would glow,
 " Are these of use for nothing but to sew? 36
 " Sure erring Nature never could design
 " To form a housewife in a mould like mine!
 " O Venus! queen and guardian of the fair,
 " Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's pray'r;
 " Let me revisit the dear Town again, 33
 " Let me be seen!—Could I that wish obtain
 " All other wishes my own pow'r would gain." 37 }

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

I. UNCERTAINTY. TO MR. POPE.

II. HOPE. TO THE HON. GEORGE DODDINGTON.

III. JEALOUSY. TO EDWARD WALPOLE, ESQ.

IV. POSSESSION. TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD
VISCOUNT COBHAM.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I.

TO MR. POPE.

POPE! to whose reed beneath the beechen shade
 The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid,
 While yet thy Muse content with humbler praise
 Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays,

Bij

Tho' now sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
 Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs the sing,
 Wilt thou with me revisit once again
 The crystal fountain and the flow'ry plain?
 Wilt thou indulgent hear my verse relate
 The various changes of a lover's state,
 And while each turn of passion I pursue
 Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?
 To the green margin of a lonely wood
 Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood
 Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
 Full of the image of his beauteous maid;
 His flock far off untended lay,
 To ev'ry savage a defenceless prey;
 No sense of int'rest could their master move,
 And ev'ry care seem'd trifling now but love;
 A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
 But tho' his voice was mute his looks complain'd;
 At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
 Fore'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent;
 "Ye Nymphs!" he cry'd, "ye Dryads! who so long
 "Have favour'd Damon and inspir'd his song,
 "For whom retir'd I shun the gay resorts
 "Of sportful cities and of pompous courts,
 "In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
 "To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
 "Tho' wild Ambition and destructive Rage
 "No factions here can form, no wars can wage,

"The' Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
 "Nor Calumny your innocence invades,
 "Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast, 35
 "Too often violates your boasted rest,
 "With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
 "And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.
 "Ah, luckless day! when first with fond surprise
 "On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes, 40
 "Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
 "Then reason, liberty, at once were lost,
 "And ev'ry wish, and thought, and care, was gone
 "But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
 "Then too she smil'd; can Smiles our peace destroy,
 "Those lovely children of Content and Joy? 45
 "How can soft pleasure and tormenting wo
 "From the same spring at the same moment flow?
 "Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
 "Thought could not guard nor will restore thy peace;
 "Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure, 51
 "And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
 "Come, flatter'ing Memory! and tell my heart
 "How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
 "She strove its fondest wishes to obtain, 55
 "Confirm her pow'r and faster bind my chain.
 "If on the green we danc'd a mirthful band,
 "To me alone she gave her willing hand;
 "Her partial taste if ere I touch'd the lyre
 "Still in my song found something to admire; 60

" By none but her my crook with flow'rs was crown'd,
 " By none but her my brows with ivy bound;
 " The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
 " The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
 " When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire;
 " In words as soft as passion could inspire,
 " Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
 " Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu,
 " The frighted hind who sees his ripen'd corn
 " Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
 " Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
 " Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I,
 " Ah! how have I deserv'd, inhuman Maid!
 " To have my faithful service thus repaid?
 " Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd
 " But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
 " Or did you only nurse my growing love
 " That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
 " Sure guilty treachery no place could find
 " In such a gentle such a gen'rous mind;
 " A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
 " Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
 " No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
 " Still let me hope my Della may be gain'd;
 " 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
 " And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."
 Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought the lovesick boy
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy,

Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
 When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd, 90
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And Light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills. 92

HOPE ECLOGUE II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON.

Afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis.

HEAR, Doddington! the notes that shepherds sing,
 Like those that warbling hail the genial spring;
 Nor Pan nor Phœbus tunes our artless reeds,
 From Love alone their melody proceeds;
 From Love Theocritus on Enna's plains 5
 I learnt the wild sweetness of his Dorick strains;
 Young Maro touch'd by his inspiring dart
 Could charm each ear and soften ev'ry heart;
 Metho his pow'r has reach'd, and bids with thine 10
 My rustick pipe in pleasing concert join.
 Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
 No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
 But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
 And told his joy to all the rural throng.

"Blest be the hour," he said, "that happy hour,
 "When first I own'd my Delia's gentle pow'r!" 16

* Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty loveverses which have never been published. *Lyttelton.*

" Then gloomy discontent and pining care
 " Forsook my breast and left soft wishes there;
 " Soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
 " Delightful languors and transporting fires, 20
 " Where yonder limes combine to form a shade
 " These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
 " There she appear'd on that auspicious day
 " When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
 " She led the dance—Heav'ns! with what grace she
 " mov'd! 25
 " Who could have seen her then and not have lov'd?
 " I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
 " But glory'd in a happy captive's name,
 " Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
 " But leave to brutes their savage liberty, 30
 " And art thou then, fond Youth! secure of joy?
 " Can no reverse thy flatt'ring bliss destroy?
 " Has treach'rous Love no torment yet in store?
 " Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal pow'r? [cheek?
 " Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy
 " Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break? 36
 " Why were the desert rocks invok'd to hear
 " The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
 " From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 " Delia! who now compassionates my woes, 40
 " Who bids me Hope, and in that charming word
 " Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.
 " Begin, my Pipe! begin the gladsome lay,
 " A kiss from Delia shall thy musick pay,

" A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent, 45
 " Giv'n with forc'd anger and disguis'd content;
 " No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows
 " Such as the Muse on lofty bards bestows;
 " Let other swains to praise or fame aspire;
 " I from her lips my recompense require 50
 " Why stays my Delia in her secret bow'r?
 " Light gales have chas'd the late impending show'r,
 " Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends,
 " Oppos'd its beauteous arch the rainbow bends,
 " Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay,
 " The birds renew their songs on ev'ry spray; 56
 " Come forth, my Love! thy shepherd's joys to crown;
 " All Nature smiles—will only Delia frown?
 " Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain
 " While ev'ry flow'r of ev'ry sweet they drain: 60
 " See how beneath yon' hillock's shady steep
 " The shelter'd herds on flow'ry couches sleep
 " Nor bees nor herds are half so blest as I
 " If with my fond desires my love comply;
 " From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows; 65
 " And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.
 " Ah how, my Dear! shall I deserve thy charms?
 " What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
 " A bird for thee in silken bands I hold;
 " Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
 " From distant isles the lovely stranger came, 71
 " And bears the Fortunate Canaries' name;

" In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
 " Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat :
 " Accept of this, and could I add beside 75
 " What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide,
 " If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
 " On thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine :
 " But if thy mind no gifts have pow'r to move
 " Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove; 80
 " The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
 " Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain :
 " For him each blueey'd Naiad of the flood,
 " For him each greenhair'd sister of the wood,
 " Whom oft' beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray 85
 " His musick calls to dance the night away.
 " And you, fair Nymphs! companions of my love,
 " With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
 " I beg you recommend my faithful flame;
 " And let her often hear her shepherd's name: 90
 " Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
 " And shew my merits in the fairest light;
 " My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
 " And ev'ry friend shall claim a diff'rent lay.
 " But see! in yonder glade the heav'nly fair 95
 " Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air.—
 " Ah! thither let me fly with eager feet;
 " Adieu, my Pipe! I go my love to meet.—

" O may I find her as we parted last,
 " And may each future hour be like the past!
 " So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 " Propitious Venus! on thy altars bleed."

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole! give no bliss sincere,
 Wealth is disturb'd by care and pow'r by fear.
 Of all the passions that employ the mind
 In gentle love the sweetest joys we find,
 Yet ev'n those joys dire Jealousy molests,
 And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
 O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
 Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
 For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
 And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse! and Damon's woes rehearse
 In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.
 On a romantick mountain's airy head
 (While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
 Anxious he lay with jealous cares oppress'd,
 Distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast.
 The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
 Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
 Thro' these a river rolls its winding flood
 Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;

Here half-conceal'd in trees a cottage stands;
 A castle there the opening plain commands;
 Beyond a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd;
 And distant hills the wide horizon bound.

So charming was the scene a while the swain 25

Beheld delighted and forgot his pain,

But soon the stings infix'd within his heart

With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:

His flow'ry wreath which long with pride he wore,

The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore, 30

Then cry'd, "May all thy charms, ungrateful Maid!

"Like these neglected roses droop and fade

"May angry Heav'n deform each guilty grace

"That triumphs now in that deluding face!

"Those alter'd looks may ev'ry shepherd fly, 35

"And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!"

"Say, thou Inconstant! what has Damon done

"To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?

"Tell me what charms you in my rival find

"Against whose pow'r no ties have strength to bind?

"Has he like me with long obedience strove 40

"To conquer your disdain and merit love?

"Has he with transport ev'ry smile ador'd,

"And dy'd with grief at each ungentle word?

"Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease; 45

"He pleas'd you by not studying to please;

"His careless indolence your pride alarm'd,

"And had he lov'd you more he less had charm'd."

" O pain to think another shall possess!
 " Those balmy lips which I was wont to press! 50
 " Another on her panting breast shall lie,
 " And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!—
 " I saw their friendly flocks together feed;
 " I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead;
 " Would my clos'd eye had sunk in endless night 55
 " Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
 " Where'er they pass'd be blasted ev'ry flow'r,
 " And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—
 " Ah, wretched Swain! could no examples move
 " Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love! 60
 " Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas * dy'd
 " A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
 " Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 " Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain:
 " Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid, 65
 " And all things mourn'd but the relentless maid.
 " Would I could die like him and be at peace;
 " These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
 " There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
 " And rest as if my Delia still were kind. 70
 " No; let me live her falsehood to upbraid;
 " Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
 " Alas! what aid, fond Swain! wouldst thou receive?
 " Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

And of his love and passion's fire, / His heart's true love and passion's fire.

"Protect her Heav'n! and let her never know" 75
 "The slightest part of hapless Damon's wo:
 "I ask no vengeance from the pow'rs above,
 "All I implore is never more to love —
 "Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
 "Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair. 80
 "Come, cool Indifference! and heal my breast;
 "Weary'd at length I seek thy downy rest:
 "No turbulence of passion shall destroy
 "My future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
 "Hear, mighty Pan! and all ye Sylvens! hear 85
 "What by your guardian deities I swear;
 "No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
 "No more I'll court the trait'refs to my arms;
 "Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
 "And she shall find that reason conquers love!" — 90
 Scarce had he spoke when thro' the lawn below
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
 At once transported he forgot his vow,
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
 He found her kind and soon believ'd her true. 96

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM! to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing.

Tho' far unequal to those polish'd strains
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning plains;
 Yet shall its musick please thy partial ear,
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were dear,
 Recall those years which time has thrown behind,
 When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind,
 When all thy glorious days of prosp'rous fight
 Delighted less than one successful night:
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er,
 And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood
 To Venus rais'd a rustick altar stood
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd
 In friendly league to favour humankind.
 With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
 The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd;
 Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train
 Lurk'd sick Disgust or late-repenting Pain;
 Nor Force nor Int'rest join'd unwilling hands,
 But Love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.
 Thither with glad devotion Damon came,
 To thank the pow'rs who bless'd his faithful flame;
 Two milkwhite doves he on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
 "Hail, bounteous God! before whose hallow'd shrine
 "My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine.

" While glowing in her cheeks with tender love;
 " Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove;
 " And hail to thee fair queen of young desires!
 " Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires;
 " Since Delia now can all its warmth return;
 " As fondly languish and as fiercely burn.
 " O the dear bloom of last propitious night!
 " O shade more charming than the fairest light!
 " Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
 " Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
 " Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
 " Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
 " Thou too, bright Goddess! once in Ida's grove
 " Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love;
 " With him while frisking lambs around you play'd
 " Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade;
 " Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
 " And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
 " What are ye now my once most valu'd joys?
 " Insipid trifles all and childish toys.—
 " Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
 " Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.
 " Ye Muses! skill'd in ev'ry winning art,
 " Teach me more deeply to engage her heart:
 " Ye Nymphs! to her your freshest roses bring,
 " And crown her with the pride of all the spring;
 " On all her days let health and peace attend;
 " May she ne'er want nor ever lose a friend!

- " May some new pleasure ev'ry hour employ,
 " But let her Damon be her highest joy! 60
 " With thee my Love! for ever will I stay,
 " All night caress thee and admire all day;
 " In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
 " To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead;
 " Together will we share the harvest toils, 65
 " Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
 " Delightful state! where Peace and Love combine
 " To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine
 " Here limpid fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,
 " Here rising forests lift their verdant heads, 70
 " Here let me wear my careless life away,
 " And in thy arms insensibly decay
 " When late old age our heads shall silver d'ery
 " And our slow pulses dance with joy no more,
 " When Time no longer will thy beauties spare, 75
 " And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair,
 " Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death
 " At one soft stroke deprive us both of breath
 " May we beneath one common stone be laid,
 " And the same cypress both our ashes shade, 80
 " Perhaps some friendly Muse in tender verse
 " Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,
 " And future ages with just envy mov'd
 " Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd. 84

BLLENHEIM.

WRITTEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

In the Year 1727.

PARENT of Arts! whose skilful hand first taught
 The tow'ring pile to rise, and form'd the plan
 With fair proportion, Architect divine!
 Minerva! thee to my advent'rous lyre
 Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
 Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
 Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty tow'rs
 Didst to his virtue raise whom oft' thy shield
 In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
 Thro' all the storms of war.— Thee too I call
 Thalia! sylvan Muse, who lov'st to rove
 Along the shady paths and verdant bow'rs
 Of Woodstock's happy grove, there tuning sweet
 Thy rural pipe while all the Dryad train
 Attentive listen, let thy warbling song
 Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
 And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed confess'd the saving pow'r
 Of Marlborough's hand Britain, who sent him forth
 Chief of confed'rate hosts to fight the cause
 Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
 This palace, sacred to her leader's fame;

A trophy of success with spoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auspicious field where Churchill's sword
Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
Rebel Bavar. — Majestick in its strength
Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy Chief! whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious! grateful Nation hail!
Who paidst his service with so rich a meed!
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
Not thus Germania pays th' uncancell'd debt
Of Gratitude to us. — Blush Cæsar! blush,
When thou beholdest these tow'rs, Ingrate! to thee
A monument of shame! Canst thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
Of obligation infinite, and know
Britain, like Heav'n, protects a thankless world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.
Pleas'd with the noble theme her task the Muse
Pursues untir'd, and thro' the palace roves
With ever-new delight. The tap'stry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
Of various colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill
Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls

His purple wave, and there the Granick flood, on A
 With passing squadrons foams; here hardy Gaul 10
 Flies from the sword of Britain, there to Greece 10
 Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd 35
 Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
 With glorious competition, equal both
 In valour and in fortune; but their praise
 Be diff'rent, for with diff'rent views they fought;
 This to subdue and that to free mankind. 60

Now thro' the stately portals issuing forth
 The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
 The woodland shade delighted. Not the vale
 Of Tempe, fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
 Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom 65
 Of this romantick wilderness once stood
 The bow'r of Rosamonda, hapless fair!
 Sacred to grief and Love: the crystal fount
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face 70
 Of Spenser, lovely maid! when tir'd she sits
 Beside its flow'ry brink, and views those charms
 Which only Rosamond could once excel.
 But see where flowing with a nobler stream
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls 75
 Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work!
 Thro' which the Danube might collected pour
 His spacious urn: silent a while and smooth
 The current glides, till with an headlong force

Broke and disorder'd down the steep it falls 80
In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
Glitters reluctant in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of Contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The mem'ry of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
So by the rage of Faction home recall'd
Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
Against the pride of Asia and the pow'r
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations back return'd to Rome;
And in magnificent retirement past
The ev'ning of his life! — But not alone
In the calm shades of honourable ease
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt; indulgent Heav'n
Gave a companion to his softer hours,
With whom conversing he forgot all change
Of fortune or of state, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own; and lov'd to lay
Himself in her. — Thus each by each admir'd
In mutual honour mutual fondness join'd;
Like two fair stars with intermingled light
In friendly union they together shone;

Aiding each other's brightness, till the clouds
 Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
 Thee Churchill! first the ruthless hand of Death 110
 Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
 To the sublimer seats of joy and love,
 Where Fate again shall join her soul to thine
 Who now, regardless of thy fame, erects
 The column to thy praise, and sooths her woes 115
 With pious honours to thy sacred name
 Immortal. Lo! where tow'ring in the height
 Of yon' aerial pillar proudly stands
 Thy image, like a guardian god sublime,
 And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet 120
 The German Eagles spread their wings; his hand
 Grasps Victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
 Majestick, such thy martial port, when Gaul
 Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube fought 124
 A refuge from thy sword. — There where the field
 Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hockstet's plain,
 The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
 A meaner trophy by th' Imperial hand;
 Extorted gratitude, which now the rage
 Of malice impotent, beseeching ill 130
 A regal breast, has levell'd to the ground;
 Mean insult! This with better auspices
 Shall stand on British earth to tell the world
 How Marlborough fought, for whom and how repaid
 His services. Nor shall the constant love 135

Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
 In dark oblivion; that shall be the theme
 Of future bards in ages yet unborn
 Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
 First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd 140
 His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
 Of Blenheim, house superb! to which the throng
 Of travellers approaching shall not pass
 His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
 With rev'rence due. Such honour does the Muse 145
 Obtain her fav'rites!—But the noble pile
 (My theme) demands my voice:—O Shade ador'd,
 Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
 Dwell'st in the palaces of heav'n enthron'd
 Among the demigods, deign to defend 150
 This thy abode, while present here below
 And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
 With tutelary care: preserve it safe
 From Time's destroying hand and cruel stroke
 Of factious Envy's more relentless rage. 155
 Here may long ages hence the British youth,
 When honour calls them to the field of war,
 Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd,
 The proud reward of thy successful toils
 For Europe's freedom and Britannia's fame, 160
 That fir'd with gen'rous envy they may dare
 To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name
 Dear to thy country still inspire her sons

With martial virtue, and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won
And nations sav'd new monuments require,
And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

WRITTEN AT EATON SCHOOL, 1729.

TELL me ye Sons of Phœbus! what is this
Which all admire but few, too few, possess?
A virtue it is to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes who spy all faults except their own,
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
'Tho' knaves abuse it and like fools despise.
Say Wyndham! if it is possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please;
Yet sure good nature is your noblest praise:
Secur'd by this your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all must love.
This magick pow'r can make ev'n folly please;
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And sweetens ev'ry charm in Cassia's face.

ADVICE TO A LADY, 1731.

THE counsels of a friend Belinda! hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,

Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
 Such truths as women seldom learn from men;
 Nor think I praise you ill when thus I show
 What female vanity might fear to know.
 Some merit is mine to dare to be sincere,
 But greater yours sincerity to bear.
 Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
 Women like princes find few real friends;
 All who approach them their own ends pursue:
 Lovers and ministers are seldom true:
 Hence oft' from reason heedless Beauty strays,
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays;
 Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
 When most ye tyrannize you're most abus'd.
 What is your sex's earliest latest care,
 Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
 For this the toilet ev'ry thought employs,
 Hence all the toils of dress and all the joys:
 For this hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
 And each instructed feature has its rule;
 And yet how few have learnt when this is giv'n
 Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heav'n!
 How few with all their pride of form can move!
 How few are lovely that are made for love!
 Do you, my Fair, endeavour to possess
 An elegance of mind as well as dress;
 Be that your ornament, and know to please
 By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,
 But wisely rest content with modest sense,
 For wit like wine intoxicates the brain,
 Too strong for feeble woman to sustain;
 Of those who claim it more than half have none,
 And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superiour to your sex's arts,
 Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
 For you the plainest is the wisest rule,
 "A cunning woman is a knavish fool."

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
 Can raise your merit or adorn your fame.
 Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
 At ministers, because they wish their place.
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
 Without all beauty, and all peace within;
 The honour of a prude is rage and storm;
 'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form;
 Fiercely it stands defying gods and men,
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
 A woman's noblest station is retreat;
 Her fairest virtues fly from publick sight,
 Domestick worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign;
 'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
 Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.

One only care your gentle breasts should move;
 Th' important bus'ness of your life is love: 60
 To this great point direct your constant aim,
 This makes your happiness, and this your fame,

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
 With caution chuse, but then be fondly kind.
 The selfish heart that but by halves is giv'n 65
 Shall find no place in Love's delightful heav'n;
 Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless;
 The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
 Not loving first but loving wrong is shame. 70

Contemn the little pride of giving pain;
 Nor think that conquest justifies disdain:
 Short is the period of insulting Pow'r;
 Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
 Soon will resume the empire which he gave, 75
 And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid and worthy to be blest
 Whose soul entire by him she loves possess
 Feels ev'ry vanity in fondness lost,
 And asks no pow'r but that of pleasing most: 80
 Her's is the bliss in just return to prove
 The honest warmth of undissembled love;
 For her inconstant man might cease to range,
 And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy, 85
 And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,

Let reason teach what passion vain would hide,
 That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd.
 Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown;
 If angry Fortune on their union frown;
 Soon will the flatt'ring dream of Bliss be o'er,
 And cloy'd imagination cheat no more:
 Then waking to the sense of lasting pain
 With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain,
 And that fond love which should afford relief
 Does but increase the anguish of their grief,
 While both could easier their own sorrows bear
 Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain
 Than sell your violated charms for gain,
 Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate
 For the vain glare of useless wealth or state:
 The most abandon'd prostitutes are they
 Who not to love but av'rice fall a prey;
 Nor aught avails the specious name of wife;
 A maid so wedded is a whore for life.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring Heav'n
 Has equal love and easy fortune giv'n,
 Think not the husband gain'd that all is done;
 The prize of happiness must still be won;
 And oft' the careless find it to their cost
 The lover in the husband may be lost:
 The Graces might alone his heart allure;
 They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress 115
 Of care for him and anxious tenderness.
 From kind concern about his weal or woe
 Let each domestick duty seem to flow.
 'The household sceptre if he bids you bear
 Make it your pride his servant to appear: 120
 Endearing thus the common acts of life
 The mistress still shall charm him in the wife,
 And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on
 Before his eye perceives one beauty gone;
 Ev'n o'er your cold your ever-sacred urn 125
 His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda! would your charms improve,
 And form your heart to all the arts of love:
 The task were harder to secure my own
 Against the pow'r of those already known, 130
 For well you twist the secret chains that bind
 With gentle force the captivated mind,
 Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,
 Each flatt'ring hope and each alluring joy.
 I own your genius, and from you receive
 The rules of pleasing which to you I give. 136

VERSES

WRITTEN AT MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM,
WHICH HE HAD LENT TO MRS. GREVILLE,

In August 1735.

Go, Thames! and tell the busy Town
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flow'ry side;
Thy flow'ry side, where Pope has plac'd
The Muses' green retreat,
With ev'ry smile of Nature grac'd,
With ev'ry art complete.

But now, sweet Bard! thy heav'nly song
Enchants us here no more,
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once lov'd shades deplore.

IV.

Yet still for beauteous Greville's sake
The Muses here remain;
Greville! whose eyes have pow'r to make
A Pope of ev'ry swain.

AN IRREGULAR ODE,

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM IN 1746.

To Miss Fortescue.

YE sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
 Ye gentle shades of Wickham! say
 What is the charm that each successive year
 Which sees me with my Lucy here
 Can thus to my transported heart
 A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

II.

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath that blows
 From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose?
 Her balmy breath and all her blooming store
 Of rural bliss was here before;

10

Oft' have I met her on the verdant side
 Of Norwood Hill, and in the yellow meads
 Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
 Array'd in all her flow'ry pride;
 No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
 No brighter colours paint th' enamell'd field.

15

III.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe?
 Four times has the revolving sun
 His annual circle thro' the zodiack run

Since all that Love's indulgent pow'r
On favour'd mortals can bestow
Was giv'n to me in this auspicious bow'r.

20

IV.

Here first my Lucy sweet in virgin charms
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed

25

Hov'ring with purple wings th' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
Of innocent desires,
While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head,
Whence then this strange increase of joy?
He only he can tell who, match'd like me,
(If such another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience try'd
How much the wife is dearer than the bride.

34

Ye tu
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TO THE MEMORY

OF THE SAME LADY.

A MONODY, A. D. 1747.

*"Ipse cava solans agrum testudine amorem,**"Te dulcis conjux, te solo in listore secum,**"Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."*

At length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
 From ev'ry duty ev'ry care
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
 Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
 This lone retreat for tender Sorrow made,
 I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
 And pour forth all my stores of grief;
 Of grief surpassing ev'ry other woe
 Far as the purest bliss the happiest love
 Can on the ennobled mind bestow
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires inelegant and low.

Ye tufted Groves! ye gently falling Rills!
 Ye high o'ershadowing Hills!
 Ye Lawns! gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft' have you my Lucy seen!

But never shall you now behold her more,
 Nor will she now with fond delight
 And taste refin'd your rural charms explore : 20
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
 Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
 Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft' would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heav'nly voice ; 25
 For her despising when she deign'd to sing
 The sweetest songsters of the spring,
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more,
 The nightingale was mute,
 And ev'ry shepherd's flute 30
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye Larks and Linnets! now resume your song,
 And thou, melodious Philomel!
 Again thy plaintive story tell, 35
 For Death has stopt that tuneful tongue
 Whose musick could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the wellknown ground
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry, 40
 Where oft' we us'd to walk,
 Where oft' in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;

Nor by yon' fountain's side
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley can she now be found.
 In all the widestretch'd prospect's ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O Shades of Hagley! where is now your boast?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities and the pride of courts:
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the publick eye;
 To your sequester'd dales
 And flow'r-embroider'd vales
 From an admiring world she chose to fly;
 With Nature there retir'd and Nature's God
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd ev'ry passion from her breast
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet Babes! who like the little playful fawns
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns

By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth?
 O loss beyond repair!

O wretched Father! left alone
 To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind oppress'd with woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
 Now she, alas! is gone,
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Where were ye, Muses! when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
 From these fond arms, that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your fav'ring pow'r, Aonian Maids!
 Could not, alas! your pow'r prolong her date,
 From whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bad her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII. **Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,**
Or Aganippe's font, your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play,
Nor then on Mincio's * bank,
Beset with osiers dank,
Nor where Clitumnus † rolls his gentle stream,
Nor where thro' hanging woods
Steep Anio ‡ pour his floods,
Nor yet where Meles || or Ilissus § stray.
 Ill does it now beseem

That of your guardian care bereft !
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX. **Now what avails it that in early bloom,**
When light fantastick toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome,
And all that in her latter days
To emulate her ancient praise
Italia's happy genius could produce,

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birthplace of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

|| The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Or what the Gallick fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire;
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd,
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise;
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

X.

Atleast, ye Nine! her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave
 Come then, ye Virgin Sisters! come;
 And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb;
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse! whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
 O come! and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetick lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
 How eloquent in ev'ry look
 Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!..

Tell how her manners by the world refin'd 1140
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind;
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity
 And uncorrupted Innocence!
 Tell how to more than manly sense 1145
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Of more than female tenderness;
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft' the care of others' good destroy,
 Her kindly melting heart 1150
 To ev'ry want and ev'ry woe,
 To Guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!
 Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life 1155
 Beneath the bloody knife
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all!
XII.
 Not only good and kind
 But strong and elevated was her mind; 1160
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superiour down
 On Fortune's smile or frown;
 That could without regret or pain
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice 1165
 Or Int'rest or Ambition's highest prize;

That injur'd or offended never try'd
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain;
 A wit that temperately bright **170**
 With inoffensive light
 All-pleasing shone, nor ever past
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty, before it cast; **175**
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere;
 Such Lucy was when in her fairest days, **180**
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
 Death came remorseless on and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale, **185**
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head,
 From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
 On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen, **190**
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The woodnymphs tend it and th' Italian queen,
 But in the midst of all its blooming pride

A sudden blast from Apenninus blows
Cold with perpetual snows,
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves and dyes.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch! from th' Elysian bow'rs
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flow'rs,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd,
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestick care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of ev'ry secret grief that fester'd there:

E. iii.

Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain;
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of Wives! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms!
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd and alone
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
 Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise
 Unshar'd by thee no more my lifeless thoughts could

XVII.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?
 On whom for consolation shall I call?
 Support me ev'ry friend,
 Your kind assistance lend
 To bear the weight of this oppressive wo:
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed Love! so much was thine
 That none has any comfort to bestow.

My books, the best relief XIX

In ev'ry other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each fav'rite author we together read 250
My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of humankind.
The rolling year its varying course perform'd
And back return'd again,
Another and another smiling came, 255
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind,
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same,
O fatal fatal stroke! 260
That all this pleasing fabrick Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd
With soothing hope for many a future day, 265
In one sad moment broke!—

Yet, O my Soul! thy rising murmurs stay,
Nor dare th' allwise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain. 270
That all thy fullblown joys at once should fade
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

XIX

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
 No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,
 Is ev'ry mortal bliss;
 Ev'n Love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sov'reign good ascend.
 Rise then, my Soul! with hope glate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight
 Whose peaceful path and ever open gate
 No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss;
 There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his pow'r e'er to divide you more.

EPIGRAM.

None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair;
 But Love can hope where Reason would despair.

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame the other day
 Happen'd to cross each other's way;
 Said Virtue, "Hark ye, Madam Fame!
 "Your Ladyship is much to blame;
 "Jove bids you always wait on me,
 "And yet your face I seldom see:
 "The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
 "And bids it praise some handsome strumpet,
 "Or thund'ring thro' the ranks of war
 "Ambition ties you to her car."
 "Saith Fame, "Dear Madam! I protest
 "I never find myself so blest
 "As when I humbly wait behind you;
 "But it is so mighty hard to find you,
 "In such obscure retreats you lurk,
 "To seek you is an endless work."
 "Well," answer'd Virtue, "I allow
 "Your plea; but hear, and mark me now.
 "I know, (without offence to others)
 "I know the best of wives and mothers,
 "Who never pass'd an useless day
 "In scandal, gossiping, or play,
 "Whose modest wit chastis'd by sense
 "In lively cheerful innocence,
 "Whose heart nor envy knows nor spite,
 "Whose duty is her sole delight,

"Nor rul'd by whim nor slave to fashion,
 "Her parents' joy, her husband's passion."
 Fame finil'd, and answer'd; "On my life
 "This is some country parson's wife
 "Who never saw the Court nor Town,
 "Whose face is homely as her gown,
 "Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—"
 "No, Madam, no—you're much mistaken—
 "I beg you'll let me set you right—
 "'Tis one with ev'ry beauty bright,
 "Adorn'd with ev'ry polish'd art
 "That rank or fortune can impart;
 "'Tis the most celebrated toast
 "That Britain's spacious isle can boast;
 "'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame,
 "'Tis Egremont—Go tell it Fame."

ADDITION EXTEMPORE.

BY EARL HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—straight reply'd,
 "First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
 "My trumpet oft I've rais'd to sound
 "Her modest praise the world around,
 "But notes were wanting.—Canst thou find
 "A Muse to sing her face, her mind?
 "Believe me I can name but one,
 "A friend of your's—it is Lyttelton."

LETTER
TO EARL HARDWICKE,

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A THOUSAND thanks to your Lordship for your Addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets that you chose to be Lord Chancellor rather than a Laureate. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,
The Muse who in my youthful days
Had oft' inspir'd my careless lays;
She smil'd, and said, "Once more I see
" My fugitive returns to me;
" Long had I lost you from my bow'r,
" You scorn'd to own my gentle pow'r;
" With me no more your genius sported,
" The grave historick Muse you courted,
" Or rais'd from earth with straining eyes
" Pursu'd Urania thro' the skies;
" But now to my forsaken track
" Fair Egremont has brought you back:
" Nor blush by her and Virtue led
" That soft that pleasing path to tread;

" For there beneath to-morrow's ray
 " Ev'n Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
 " Lo! to my flow'ry groves and springs
 " Her fav'rite Ion the goddess brings, 20
 " The councils and the senate's guide,
 " Law's oracle, the nation's pride;
 " He comes, he joys with thee to join
 " In singing Wyndham's charms divine;
 " To thine he adds his nobler lays, 25
 " Ev'n thee, my Friend! he deigns to praise.
 " Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
 " His fame with burghers or with cit;
 " For sure one line from such a bard
 " Virtue would think her best reward." 30

HYMN TO ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
 This ode upon your wedding day,
 The first indeed I ever made,
 For writing odes is not my trade:
 My head is full of household cares
 And necessary dull affairs; 5
 Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
 Will put me into doleful dumps,
 And then no clown beneath the sky
 Was e'er more ungallant than I: 10
 For you alone I now think fit
 To turn a poet and a wit—

For you, whose charms I know not how
 Have pow'r to smoothe my wrinkled brow,
 And make me tho' by nature stupid
 As brisk and as alert as Cupid.
 These obligations to repay,
 Whene'er your happy nuptial day
 Shall with the circling years return,
 For you my torch shall brighter burn
 Than when you first my pow'r ador'd,
 Nor will I call myself your Lord,
 But am (as witness this my hand)
 Your humble servant at command.
 Dear Child! let Hymen not beguile
 You who are such a judge of style,
 To think that he these verses made
 Without an abler penman's aid;
 Observe them well you'll plainly see
 That ev'ry line was writ by me.

CUPID.

ON READING

MISS CARTER'S POEMS

IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wond'ring ear
 Of silent Night, when on the verdant banks
 Of Siloe's hallow'd brook celestial harps
 According to seraphick voices sung

F

"Glory to God on high, and on earth
 "Peace and goodwill to men!"—Resume the lyre,
 Ghantrefs divine! and ev'ry Briton call
 Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
 More pow'rful than the song of Orpheus, tame
 The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
 At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
 Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
 Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
 Like a false Siren, while she charm'd seduc'd
 To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
 Of Britain's poets the Virtues twine
 A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
 Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
 Of —— to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE gods on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
 All on Mount Edgumbe turn'd their eyes:
 "That place is mine," great Neptune cries;
 "Behold how proud o'er all the main
 "Those stately turrets seem to reign!
 "No views so grand on earth you see!
 "The master too belongs to me;
 "I grant him my domain to share;
 "I bid his hand my trident bear!"

"The sea is your's but mine the land,"

Pallas replies. "By me were plann'd

"Those tow'rs, that hospital, those docks,

"That fort which crowns those island rocks:

"The lady too is of my choir,

"I taught her hand to touch the lyre,

"With ev'ry charm her mind I grac'd,

"I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste,"

"Hold, Madam!" interrupted Venus;

"The lady must be shar'd between us;

"And surely mine is yonder grove,

"So fine, so dark, so fit for love,

"Trees such as in th' Italian glade

"Or Cyprian lawn my palace shade."

Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came,

Each nymph allieg'd her lawful claim.

But Jove to finish the debate

Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate:

"Nor god nor goddess great or small

"That dwelling his or her's may call;

"I made Mount Edgumbe for you all."

Fij

W

INVITATION

TO THE DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIQUILLON.

WHEN Peace shall on her downy wings
 To France and England Friendship bring,
 Come, Aiguillon! and here receive
 That homage we delight to give
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,
 To worth which Envy's self disarms
 Of jealous hatred; come and love
 That nation which you now approve:
 So shall by France amends be made
 (If such a debt can e'er be paid)
 For having with seducing art
 From Britain stol'n her Harvey's heart.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS

(TO ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON,

IN ARIOSTO.

WHEN now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,
 Orlando's wits had safely brought away,
 He turn'd his eyes towards another place
 Where closely cork'd unnumber'd bottles lay.

Of finest crystal were those bottles made,
 Yet what was there enclos'd he could not see,
 Wherefore in humble wise the saint he pray'd
 To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be, 8

III. "A wondrous thing it is," the saint reply'd,

"Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight,

"An airy essence not to be describ'd,

"Subtle and thin, that Maidenhead is height 12

IV. "From earth each day in troops they hither come,"

"And fill each hole and corner of the Moon,

"For they are never easy while at home,

"Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon. 16

V. "When here arriv'd they are in bottles pent,

"For fear they should evaporate again,

"And hard it is a prison to invent 20

VI. "So volatile a spirit to retain,

"Those that to young and wanton girls belong,

"Leap, bounce and fly, as if they'd burst the glass,

"But those that have below been kept too long 24

"Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas!"

VII. "So spake the saint, and wonder seiz'd the knight,

"As of each vessel he th' inscription read,

For various secrets there were brought to light
Of which Report on earth had nothing said. 28

Virginities that close confin'd he thought
In th' other world he found above the sky;
His sister's and his cousin's there were brought,
Which made him swear tho' good St. John was by. 32

But much his wrath increas'd when he espy'd
That which was Chloe's once, his mistress dear
" Ah, false and treach'rous Fugitive!" he cry'd,
" Little I deem'd that I should meet thee here. 36

" Did not thy owner when we parted last
Promise to keep thee safe for me alone?
" Scarce of our absence three short months are past
" And thou already from thy post are flown. 40

" Be not enrag'd," reply'd th' Apostle kind—
" Since that this Maidenhead is thine by right
" Take it away, and when thou hast a mind
" Carry it thither whence it took its flight. 44

" Thanks, Holy Father!" quoth the joyous knight,
" The Moon shall be no loser by your grace;
" Let me but have the use on 't for a night
" And I'll restore it to its present place. 48

ELEGY.

TELL me, my Heart! fond slave of hopeless love,
 And doom'd its woes without its joys to prove,
 Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
 The dear dear image of thy Delia's face?
 Canst thou exclude that habitant divine
 To place some meaner idle in her shrine?
 O task for feeble Reason too severe!
 O lesson nought could teach me but despair!
 Must I forbid my eyes that heav'nly sight—
 They 'ave view'd so oft' with languishing delight?
 Must my ears shun that voice whose charming sound
 Seem'd to relieve while it increas'd my wound?
 O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 Tho' Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
 Tho' Laura dying left her lover's arms,
 Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine;
 'Tis easier far to lose than to resign!

PROLOGUE

TO THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

Spoken by Mr. Quin.

I Come not here your candour to implore
 For scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
 You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
 No party his benevolence confin'd,
 No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind!
 He lov'd his friends, (forgive this gushing tear;
 Alas! I feel I am no actor here)
 He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 So clear of int'rest, so devoid of art,
 Such gen'rous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
 No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.—
 O candid truth! O faith without a stain!
 O manners gently firm and nobly plain!
 O sympathizing love of others blis!
 Where will you find another breast like his?
 Such was the Man—the Poet well you know,
 Oft' has he touch'd your hearts with tender wo,
 Oft' in this crowded house with just applause
 You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
 For his chaste Muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre
 None but the noblest passions to inspire;

Not one immoral one corrupted thought
One line which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add to grace his tomb,
Whilst he, superiour now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd, 30
With whom his lib'ral hand and bounteous heart
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart,
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive,
That, that, ev'n now, above yon' starry pole
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul. 36

EPILOGUE

TO LILLO'S ELMERICK.

You who, supreme o'er ev'ry work of wit,
In judgment here, unaw'd; unbiass'd, fit
The Palatines and Guardians of the pit;
If to your minds this merely modern play
No useful sense, no gen'rous warmth, convey; 5
If fustian here thro' each unnat'ral scene
In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing mean;
If lofty Dulness for your vengeance call,
Like Elmerick judge, and let the guilty fall:

But if Simplicity with force and fire,
 Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words, inspire;
 If, like the action which these scenes relate,
 The whole appear irregularly great;
 If master-strokes the nobler passions move,
 Then, like the king, acquit us, and approve.

EPILOGUE

You who, superfluous o'er every work of wit,
 In judgment here, award, amidst the
 The Palatine and German of the pit;
 If to your minds this merely modern play
 No uctostetic, no gen'rous warmth, contray;
 If lustre here shed each unparall'd scene
 In strain'd respect, found high, and nothing mean;
 If only stands in your vengeance call, to
 Like Flanck judge, and let the guilty fall:

EPISTLES.

TO THE REV. DR. AYSCOUGH,

AT OXFORD.

Written from Paris in the Year 1728.

SAY, dearest Friend! how roll thy hours away,
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue by the charms of wit refin'd
At once exalts and polishes the mind?
How diff'rent from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart,
Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty,
How the same hands that tyrants durst control
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole,
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace each virtue Freedom could inspire,
Yet in her troubled state see all the woes
And all the crimes that giddy Faction knows,

Till rent by parties, by corruption sold,
 Or weakly careless or too rashly bold,
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tut'ress of protecting Rome?
 Does calm Philosophy her aid impart 25
 To guide the passions and to mend the heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learn'd the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend,
 For which alone by Nature were design'd
 The pow'rs of thought—to benefit mankind? 30
 Not like a cloyster'd drone to read and doze
 In undeserving undeserv'd repose;
 But Reason's influence to diffuse, to clear
 Th' enlighten'd world of ev'ry gloomy fear,
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind 35
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
 Nor vex'd with pangs that buffet bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care, 40
 Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.
 So Locke the days of studious quiet spent,
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content,
 So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom, 45
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good Wor'ster * thus supports his drooping age,
 Far from court-flatt'ry, far from party-rage;

* Bp. Hough.

He who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
 Her boldest champion then and now her mildest
 guide!

O gen'rous warmth! O sanctity divine!
 To emulate his worth my Friend! be thine:
 Learn from his life the duties of the gown,
 Learn not to flatter nor insult the crown,
 Nor basely servile court the guilty great,
 Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
 To error mild, to vice alone severe,
 Seek not to spread the law of love by fear:
 The priest who plagues the world can never mend;
 No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
 Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
 All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
 Cares that become my birth and suit my age,
 In various knowledge to improve my youth,
 And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth,
 By foreign arts domestick faults to mend,
 Enlarge my notions and my views extend,
 The useful science of the world to know,
 Which books can never teach or pedants show.

O A nation here I pity and admire,
 Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
 Yet taught by custom's force and bigot fear
 To serve with pride and boast the yoke they bear,

G

Whose nobles born to cringe and to command,
 In courts a mean in camps a gen'rous band,
 From each low tool of pow'r content receive
 Those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give;
 Whose people (vain in want; in bondage blast;
 Tho' plunder'd gay, industrious tho' oppress'd)
 With happy follies rise above their fate,
 The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
 In the short sunshine of a fav'ring court;
 Here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in wit,
 Who from the Ancients like the Ancients writ,
 Permission gain'd inferiour vice to blame,
 By flatt'ring incense to his master's fame;
 Here Moliere, first of Comick wits, excell'd
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld,
 By keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
 With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease
 Now charm'd I hear the bold Corneille inspire
 Heroick thoughts with Shakespeare's force and fire;
 Now sweet Racine with milder influence moves
 The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway,
 Proud palaces that drain'd the subjects' store,
 Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor,
 Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,
 And painted triumphs style Ambition Great.

* The victories of L. XIV. painted in the galleries of Versailles.

With more delight those pleasing shades I view
 Where Conde from an envious court withdrew †, 105
 Where sick of glory, faction, pow'r, and pride,
 (Sure judge how empty all who all had try'd!)
 Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see 110
 Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury ‡,
 Where Orleans wasted ev'ry vacant hour
 In the wild riot of unbounded pow'r,
 Where feverish debauch and impious love
 Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove. 115

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
 Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
 Yet oft' a tender wish recalls my mind
 From present joys to dearer left behind.
 O native Isle! fair Freedom's happiest seat! 120
 At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat,
 At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
 And all my country oh my soul returns;
 When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
 No pow'r can ravish from th' industrious swain? 125
 When kiss with pious love the sacred earth
 That gave a Burleigh or a Russell birth?
 When in the shade of laws that long have stood,
 Propt by their care or strengthen'd by their blood,

† Chantilly.

‡ St. Cloud.

Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice,
Bids me contemplate ev'ry state around
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound,
Bids their lost rights their ruin'd glories see,
And tells me these like England once were free!

TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS 1728.

Written at Paris.

O Thou! whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me and whose precepts guide;
Thou! to whom greatness rightly understood
Is but a larger pow'r of being good;
Say, Poyntz! amidst the toil of anxious state
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own,
That to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish, for sure the happiest meed
To favour'd man by smiling Heav'n decreed

Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise who from the world retir'd,
By no enliv'ning gen'rous passion fir'd,
On flow'ry couches flumbers life away,
And gently bids his active pow'rs decay,
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy;
But bless'd is he who exercis'd in cares
To private leisure publick virtue bears,
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing;
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state,
And round the bow'r where humbly great he lies
Fair olives bloom or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand,
When Peace restor'd shall on her downy wing
Secure repose and careless leisure bring,
Then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness.

Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
 And painful merit paid with sweet content,
 Yet tho' thy hours unlogg'd with sorrow roll,
 Tho' Wisdom call and Science feed thy soul,
 One dearer blis remains to be possess'd
 That only can improve and crown the rest. —

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
 Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell
 The point to which our sweetest passions move
 Is to be truly lov'd and fondly love.
 This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
 Friend of our health and author of our rest,
 Bids ev'ry gloomy vexing passion fly,
 And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
 Ev'n while I write the name of Love inspires
 More pleasing thoughts and more enliv'ning fires,
 Beneath his pow'r my raptur'd fancy glows,
 And ev'ry tender verse more sweetly flows.
 Dull is the privilege of living free;
 Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
 Some beauteous image well imprinted there
 Can best defend them from consuming care.
 In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
 And Nature in her rural works admire;
 Tho' grateful these, yet these but faintly charm;
 They may delight us but can never warm.
 May some fair eyes my Friend! thy bosom fire
 With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire,

And teach thee that soft science which alone
 Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known.
 Thy soul tho' great is tender and refin'd,
 To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
 And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
 Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
 Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
 For Heav'n shall ratify what they reveal.

"A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
 "With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
 "Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
 "Distinguish'd only by their softer dress: 80
 "Thy greatness she or thy retreat shall share,
 "Sweeten tranquillity or soften care;
 "Her smiles the taste of ev'ry joy shall raise,
 "And add new pleasure to renown and praise, 84
 "Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would
 "That happiness is near ally'd to love." [prove,

VERSES

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF MR. POYNTZ.

Such is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
 A hand or colours to express thy mind?
 A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear
 In a false world that dares to be sincere;
 Wise without art, without ambition great,
 Tho' firm yet pliant, active tho' sedate;

With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
 Yet better still by native prudence taught;
 That fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal
 Can pity frailties it could never feel;
 That when Misfortune su'd ne'er sought to know
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
 That fix'd on equal virtue's temp'rate laws
 Despises calumny and shuns applause;
 That to its own perfections singly blind
 Would for another think this praise design'd. 16

AN EPISTLE

TO MR. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove,
 Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore
 When Addison and Congreve are no more,
 After so many stars extinct in night, 5
 The darken'd age's last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit:
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory and their virtue lost; 10
 From tyrants and from priests the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.

Nor Baix now nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove,
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire:
 So in the shades where cheer'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's un auspicious reign,
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of Fate,
 Not that barbarian hands her sacred broke,
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke,
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert and her fields unsown;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled,
 That there the source of science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious Names that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct and to command mankind,
 Chiefs by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
 And Poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd,
 Oft' I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit and your urns adore,
 Oft' kiss with lips devout some mould'ring stone
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown.

Those hallow'd rains better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury,
 As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise:

"Stranger!" he said, "whose plous hand has paid

"These grateful rites to my attentive shade,

"When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air

"To Pope this message from his master bear:

"Great Bard! whose numbers I myself inspire,

"To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,

"If high exalted on the throne of Wit

"Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,

"No more let meaner satire dim the rays

"That flow majestick from thy nobler bays;

"In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,

"But shun that thorny that unpleasing way,

"Nor when each soft engaging Muse is thine

"Address the least attractive of the Nine.

"Of thee more worthy were the task to raise

"A lasting column to thy country's praise,

"To sing the land which yet alone can boast

"That liberty corrupted Rome has lost,

"Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,

"And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.

"Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,

"Such was the people whose exploits I sung,

" Brave yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
 " With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;
 " Dauntless opposers of tyrannick sway, 71
 " But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

" If these commands submissive thou receive,
 " Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live,"
 " Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75

" And howl with Furies in tormenting fire,
 " Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
 " And join the patriot's to the poet's praise." 78

Will thou give me a kind reception and
 To thy long exile and forgotten friends
 Who else have and mountains wander'd o'er
 Remov'd from his own native land
 From all that is away, and all that is great
 Beneath the shadow of his paternal tree
 Has found the spirit of his long exile
 On the same banks of Tiber and of Rhine
 'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd
 The charm of his own land and his own
 At last he comes to his own land
 Or in the quiet of his own land
 That lull the tumult of the soul to rest
 Or makes the land his own truly his
 In our own hearts the source of pleasure lies
 Still open, and still flowing to the sea
 Not for a moment will we let it go
 Beyond the bounds of Nature to right

TO LORD HERVEY,

IN THE YEAR 1730. FROM WORCESTERSHIRE.

*“Strenua nos exercet inertia : navibus atque**“Quadrigis petimus bene vivere : quod petis, hic est ;**“Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit, æquus.”*

HOR.

FAV'RITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
 Pollio! by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
 Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
 To thy long absent and forgotten friend,
 Who after seas and mountains wander'd o'er 5
 Return'd at length to his own native shore
 From all that is gay retir'd, and all that is great,
 Beneath the shades of his paternal seat
 Has found that happiness he sought in vain
 On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine? 10
 'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
 The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style,
 At soft Italian sounds to melt away,
 Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray,
 That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest, 15
 Or makes the fond possessor truly blest:
 In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies
 Still open, and still flowing to the wise,
 Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
 Beyond the bounds of Nature to aspire, 20

But in its proper channells gilding fair
 A common benefit which all may share:
 Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain; } [is vain.
 False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search
 So idle yet so restless are our minds 26
 We climb the Alps and brave the raging winds;
 Thro' various toils to seek content we roam,
 Which with but thinking right were ours at home:
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place 30
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aking care.
 The wretch by wild impatience driv'n to rove,
 Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love, 35
 From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears,
 With equal pain each diff'rent clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills which from our passions flow
 Be chang'd by Africk's heat or Russia's snow? 41
 Or how can aught but pow'rful reason cure
 What from unthinking folly we endure?
 Happy is he and he alone who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose, 45
 In gen'rous love of others' good to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind,

H

To bound his wishes in their proper sphere,
 To nourish pleasing hope and conquer anxious fear:
 This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
 This was the sov'reign good they justly sought,
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,
 But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
 The useful practice of philosophy:
 Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
 Not always chose from greatness to retire,
 But in the palace of Augustus knew
 The same unerring maxims to pursue
 Which in the Sabine or the Velian shade
 His study and his happiness he made.
 May you, my Friend! by his example taught,
 View all the giddy scene with sober thought,
 Undazzled ev'ry glitt'ring folly see,
 And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
 In its own centre keep your steady mind,
 Let prudence guide you, but let honour bind:
 In show in manners act the courtier's part,
 But be a country gentleman at heart.

TO MR. GLOVER.

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

Go on, my Friend! the noble task pursue,
 And think thy genius is thy country's due:

To vulgar wits inferiour themes belong,
 But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
 Yet cease to hope, tho' grac'd with ev'ry charm,
 The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
 Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise
 By great examples drawn from better days:
 No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
 What Sparta scorn'd instructed to admire,
 Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
 Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end.
 No gen'rous purpose can enlarge the mind,
 No social care, no labour for mankind,
 Where mean self-int'rest ev'ry passion guides,
 In camps commands, in cabinets presides,
 Where Luxury consumes the guilty store,
 And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence wretched Nation! all thy woes arise,
 Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
 Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
 Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O People, far unlike the Grecian race,
 That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
 That suffers publick wrongs and publick shame,
 In council insolent, in action tame!
 Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
 Is it to raise their country's sinking state,
 Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
 Her trade to guard, her harrass'd poor to spare?

Is it like honest Somers to inspire
 The love of laws and Freedom's sacred fire?
 Is it like wise Godolphin to sustain
 The balanc'd world, and boundless pow'r restrain?
 Or is the mighty aim of all their toil
 Only to aid the wreck and share the spoil?
 On each relation, friend, dependant, pour
 With partial wantonness the golden show'r,
 And fenc'd by strong corruption to despise
 An injur'd nation's unavailing cries
 Rouse, Britons! rouse: if sense of shame be weak
 Let the loud voice of threat'ning Danger speak.
 Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er ev'ry land
 Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
 Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
 A calm spectatress of the gen'ral fate,
 Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose
 Like valiant Greece her own and Europe's foes?
 O let us seize the moment in our pow'r,
 Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour:
 No later term the angry gods ordain;
 This crisis lost we shall be wise in vain.
 And thou, great Poet! in whose nervous lines
 The native majesty of Freedom shines,
 Accept this friendly praise, and let me prove
 My heart not wholly void of publick love;
 Tho' not like thee I strike the sounding string
 To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,

But idly sporting in the secret shade
With tender trifles sooth some artless maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

ON HIS LOSING HIS COMMISSION

In the Year 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame
Far far superiour to a Cornet's name:
The gen'rous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind:
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bad thee lead the patriot band.

TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM†.

Written in the Year 1740.

I.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy feat, my Friend! I see,
But better in thy mind.

II.

To both from courts and all their state
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's state,
Tranquillity and love.

† See the Inscriptions in Mr. West's Poems.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD! whose ancestors from Albion's shore
 Their conq'ring standards to Hibernia bore,
 Tho' now thy valour to thy country lost
 Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
 Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame— 5
 From British fires deriv'd thy genius came;
 Its force its energy to these it ow'd,
 But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd;
 The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
 And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd; 10
 They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
 To dress the gravest of th'Aonian choir,
 And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
 The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
 Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask: 15
 Be thine and thine alone the pleasing task
 In purest elegance of Gallick phrase
 To clothe the spirit of the British lays.
 Thus ev'ry flow'r which ev'ry Muse's hand
 Has rais'd profuse in Britain's fav'rite land 20
 By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain;
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
 In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
 The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise 25
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.

Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing,
 And France that Boileau strikes the tuneful string:
 Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd adorn
 Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;
 Learning and wit with sweet politeness grac'd,
 Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd,
 By pride unsully'd genuine dignity,
 A noble and sublime simplicity.
 Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shown,
 France shall with joy the fair resemblance own,
 And Albion fighting bid her sons aspire
 To imitate the merit they admire.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF VENICE PRESERVED.

In tender Otway's moving scenes we find
 What pow'r the gods have to your sex assign'd;
 Venice was lost if on the brink of fate
 A woman had not propt her sinking state:
 In the dark danger of that dreadful hour
 Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its pow'r;
 But sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears
 Still o'er the subject main her tow'rs she rears,
 And stands a great example to mankind
 With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
 Skillful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
 And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier we with pity view
 A mind to honour false to virtue true,
 In the wild storm of struggling passions tost
 Yet saving innocence tho' fame was lost,
 Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
 His country which had wrong'd him to defend.

But she who urg'd him to that pious deed,
 Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
 Whose conq'ring love her country's safety won,
 Was by that fatal love herself undone. [hide,

* "Hence may we learn what passion fain would
 "That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd.
 "Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown 25
 "If angry Fortune on their union frown;
 "Soon will the flatt'ring dreams of joy be o'er,
 "And cloy'd imagination cheat no more:
 "Then waking to the sense of lasting pain
 "With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain; 30
 "And that fond love which should afford relief
 "Does but augment the anguish of their grief,
 "While both could easier their own sorrows bear
 "Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's pow'r 35
 Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!

* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in *Advice to a Lady*, p. 40; but as Lord Lyttelton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat these few lines than to suppress the rest of the poem.

On each glad day may plenty show'r delight,
 And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!
 May Heav'n that gave you Belvidera's charms
 Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms, 40
 Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,
 Whose fondness never may thro' care decay,
 Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
 And force each modest beauty into sight
 So shall no anxious want your peace destroy, 45
 No tempest crush the tender buds of joy,
 But all your hours in one gay circle move,
 Nor Reason ever disagree with Love! 48

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE by the Muse alone inspir'd
 I sung my amorous strains;
 No serious love my bosom fir'd,
 Yet ev'ry tender maid deceiv'd
 The idly-mournful tale believ'd
 And wept my fancy'd pains. 10

But Venus now to punish me
 For having feign'd so well,
 Has made my heart so fond of thee
 That not the whole Aopian choir
 Can accents soft enough inspire
 Its real flame to tell. 12

TO THE SAME,

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of love can be express

In these soft numbers see;

But, Lucy! would you know the rest

It must be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

I.

To him who in an hour must die

Not swifter seems that hour to fly

Than slow the minutes seem to me

Which keep me from the sight of thee.

II.

Not more that trembling wretch would give

Another day or year to live

Than I to shorten what remains

Of that long hour which thee detains.

III.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,

Oh! come with all thy heav'nly charms,

At once to justify and pay

The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME. A

I.
To ease my troubled mind of anxious care
Last night the secret casket I explor'd
Where all the letters of my absent fair
(His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd. 4

II.
In ev'ry word a magick spell I found
Of pow'r to charm each busy thought to rest,
Tho' ev'ry word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast. 8

III.
So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses ev'ry sorrow at the sight,
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment or secure delight. 12

IV.
Ah! should I lose thee my too lovely Maid!
Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial shall resign. 16

V.
Not one kind word shall in my pow'r remain
A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
My heart shall break to leave thee wholly free. 20

A PRAYER TO VENUS,

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

To the Same.

I.

FAIR Venus! whose delightful shrine surveys
 Its front reflected in the silver lake,
 These humble off' rings which thy servant pays,
 Fresh flow'rs and myrtle wreaths, propitious take. 4

II.

If less my love exceeds all other love
 Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
 Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
 And there let sad Despair for ever dwell. 8

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,
 No other wish nor other object knows,
 Oh, make her, Goddess! make her all my own,
 And give my trembling heart secure repose! 12

IV.

No watchful spies I ask to guard her charms,
 No walls of brass, no steel-defended door;
 Place her but once within my circling arms,
 Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more. 16

TO THE SAME,

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

I.

ON Thames' bank a gentle youth,
For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth
Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that she had not time.

II.

Of't he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet
Beneath th' accustom'd lime;
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that she had not time.

III.

"It was not thus, inconstant Maid!
"You acted once," the shepherd said,
"When love was in its prime."

She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
And would have writ to ease his pain,
But that she had not time.

IV.

How can you act so cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,

If love be not a crime.——

We soon must part for months, for years.——

She would have answer'd with her tears,
But that she had not time.

24

TO THE SAME.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame;
But where is now the tender glance that stole
With gentle sweetness my enchanted soul,
Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
Each melting charm that love alone inspires?
These, these are lost; and I behold no more
The maid my heart delighted to adore,
Yet still unchang'd, still doting to excess,
I ought but dare not try to love you less;
Weakly I grieve, un pity'd I complain,
But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
For you, cold Maid! whom no complaints can move,
Were far more blest when you like me could love.

19

14

V
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TO THE SAME.

WHEN I think on your truth I doubt you no more,
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before;
 I say to my heart "Be at rest and believe
 "That whom once she has chosen she never will leave."

II.

But ah! when I think on each ravishing grace 5
 That plays in the smiles of that heav'nly face
 My heart beats again; I again apprehend
 Some fortunate rival in ev'ry friend. 8

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love,
 But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame,
 For they're not ill-founded, or you feel the same. 12

TO THE SAME,

WITH A NEW WATCH.

I.

WITH me while present may thy lovely eyes
 Be never turn'd upon this golden toy,
 Think ev'ry pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
 And measure time by joy succeeding joy!

I ij

4

II.

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
 To me not always will thy sight allow,
 Then oft' with kind impatience look on this,
 Then ev'ry minute count—as I do now.

8

My heart I think on your truth I doubt you no more,
 I blame all the less I gave way to before;
 I say to my heart: Be at rest and believe
 "I have been once, but shall never be more."

But ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
 That plays in the smiles of that dear my face
 My heart beats again; I again approach
 Some fortunate rival in ev'ry touch.

III.

These painful sensations you cannot remove;
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love,
 But doubtless caus'd by passion you never can blame
 For they're not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

TO THE SAME.

WITH A NEW WATER.

I.

When ere while present may thy lovely eyes
 Be never turn'd upon this golden toy,
 Think ev'ry pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
 And measure time by joy succeeding joy!

11

SONGS.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXII.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,

Aw'd by a thousand tender fears

I would approach but dare not move:

Tell me my Heart! if this be love?

4

When'er she speaks my ravish'd ear

No other voice but her's can hear,

No other wit but her's approve:

Tell me my Heart! if this be love?

3

If she some other youth commend

Tho' I was once his fondest friend

His instant enemy I prove:

Tell me my Heart! if this be love?

12

When she is absent I no more

Delight in all that pleas'd before,

The clearest spring or shadiest grove:

Tell me my Heart! if this be love?

16

V.
When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me my Heart! if this be love?

20

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXII.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXII.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see
But how, my Delia! will you meet
The man you 'ave lost so long
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue
Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same,
And heal each idly anxious care
Our fears in absence frame

IV.

Thus, Delia! thus I paint the scene
 When shortly we shall meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat. 16

V.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove,
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love; 20

VI.

All I of Venus ask is this,
 No more to let us join,
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss
 To die and think you mine. 24

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXII.

I.

SAY, Myra! why is gentle Love
 A stranger to that mind
 Which pity and esteem can move,
 Which can be just and kind? 4

LVI

Is it because you fear to share mine? I fear I shall
 The ills that love molest, when shortly we shall meet
 The jealous doubt the tender care, and try what yet
 That rack the am'rous breast? 8

III.

Alas! by some degree of woe the greatest bliss is
 We ev'ry bliss must gain:
 The heart can ne'er a transport know
 That never feels a pain. 12

IV.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXV.

My love, I say, why is your heart so true?
 A stranger to that mind which yours can move,
 Which can be just and kind, and yet so true.

Ye
 If fin
 You
 A lo

EPITAPHS.

PART OF AN EPITAPH

ON LADY LYTTLETON.

MADE to engage all hearts and charm all eyes,
Tho' meek magnanimous, tho' witty wife,
Polite as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good as she the world had never seen,
The noble fire of an exalted mind
With gentle female tenderness combin'd. 6
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove,
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express;
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress. 12

EPITAPH

ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE.

Ye weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues! tell
If since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell
You or afflicted Britain e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!

II/I

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt, the tender care
That rack the am'rous breast?

III.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.

IV.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1780.

I.

O'er Myra! why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind
Which pity and tears can move,
Which can be just and kind?

Ye
If fin
You
A lo

EPITAPHS.

PART OF AN EPITAPH

ON LADY LYTTLETON.

MADE to engage all hearts and charm all eyes,
Tho' meek magnanimous, tho' witty wife,
Polite as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good as the the world had never seen,
The noble fire of an exalted mind
With gentle female tenderness combin'd. 6
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove,
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd;
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd. 12

EPITAPH

ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE.

Ye weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues! tell
If since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell
You or afflicted Britain e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!

Such spotless honour, such ingenuous truth, 3
 Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
 So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
 To such heroick warmth and courage join'd!
 He too like Sidney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
 For nobler War forsook her softer charms; 10
 Like him possess'd of ev'ry pleasing art,
 The secret wish of ev'ry female's heart;
 Like him cut off in youthful glory's pride
 He unrepining for his country dy'd. 14

EPITAPH ON CAP. CORNWALL,

SLAIN OFF TOULON, MDCCXLIII.

Tho' Britain's Genius hung her drooping head,
 And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled,
 On that fam'd day when France combin'd with Spain
 Strove for the wide dominion of the main,
 Yet, Cornwall! all with ge'nral voice agree
 To pay the tribute of applause to thee.
 When his bold chief in thickest fight engag'd
 Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd,
 With indignation mov'd he timely came
 To rescue from reproach his country's name; 10
 Success too dearly did his valour crown,
 He sav'd his leader's life but lost his own. 12

INSCRIPTIONS.

INSCRIPTIONS AT HAGLEY.

I. *On a View from an Alcove.*

----- VIRIDANTIA TEMPE!
TEMPE, QUAE SYLVAE CINGUNT SUPERIMPENDEN-
TES. 2

II. *On a rocky Fancy Seat.*

----- EGO LAVDO RVVIS AMOENI,
RIVOS, ET MVSCO CIRCVMMLITA SAXA NEMVSQVE. 2

III.

TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQUIRE,
IN WHOSE VERSES
WERE ALL THE NATURAL GRACES,
AND IN WHOSE MANNERS
WAS ALL THE AMIABLE SIMPLICITY,
OF PASTORAL POETRY,

WITH THE SWEET TENDERNESS
OF THE ELEGIACK. 5

IV. *On the Pedestal of an Urn*.*

ALEXANDRO POPE,

POETARVM ANGLICANORVM
ELEGANTISSIMO DVLCISSIMOQVE;
VIRORVM CASTIGATORI ACERRIMO,
SAPIENTIAE DOCTORI SVAVISSIMO,

SACRA ESTO.

ANN. DOM. MDCCXLIV. 7

*A Dorick portico in another part of the park is honoured with the name of Pope's Building, and inscribed *Quieti et Musis*.

V. *On a Bench.*

LIBET IACERE MODO SVB ANTIQVA ILICE,
 MODO IN TENACE GRAMINE;
 LABVNTVR ALTIS INTERIM RIVIS AQUAE;
 QVAERVNTUR IN SYLVIS AVES:
 BONTESQVE LYMPHIS OBSTRETQVNT MANANTIBUS
 SOMNOS QVOD INVITET LEVES.

6

VI. *On Thomson's Seat †.*

INGENIO IMMORTALI
 IACOBI THOMSON,
 POETAE SUBLIMIS,
 VIRI BONI;
 AEDICVLAM HANC, QVEM VIVVS DILEXIT,
 POST MORTEM EIVS CONSTRUCTAM,
 DICAT DEDICATQVE
 GEORGIVS LYTTTELTON.

4

8

VII. FOR A BUST OF LADY SUFFOLK,

Designed to be set up in a Wood at Stowe, 1732.

HER WIT AND BEAUTY FOR A COURT WERE MADE,
 BUT TRUTH AND GOODNESS FIT HER FOR A SHADE.

† A very handsome and well finished building in an octagonal line.

IMITATIONS, &c.

DAMON AND DELIA,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

Written in the Year 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me my Delia! tell me why
My kindest fondest looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? tell me how.—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part;
Reason these fears may disapprove,
But yet I fear because I love.

DELIA. First tell me Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay? 10

Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flatt'ry is not all for me?

Alas! too well your sex I knew, 15
Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON. Unkind! my falsehood to upbraid
When your own orders I obey'd;

You bid me try by this deceit
 The notice of the world to cheat, 20
 And hide beneath another name
 The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA. Damon, your prudence I confess,
 But let me wish it had been less;
 Too well the lover's part you play'd, 25
 With too much art your court you made;
 Had it been only art your eyes
 Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON. Ah! cease thus idly to molest
 With groundless fears thy virgin breast. 30
 While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve
 To me a real pain you give.

DELIA. Tho' well I might your truth distrust
 My foolish heart believes you just;
 Reason this faith may disapprove,
 But I believe because I love. 36

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IV.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD MDCCXXV*.

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

L

As the wing'd minister of thund'ring Jove,
 To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,

* First printed in Mr. West's translation of Pindar. See the
 Preface to that gentleman's poems.

Faithful † assistant of his master's love,
King of the wand'ring nations of the air;

II.

When balmy brèzes fann'd the vernal sky
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In flight essays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his gen'rous breast;

III.

Then darting with impetuous fury down
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe,
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The scaly snake and crested dragon know;

IV.

Or as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood;

V.

Such Drusus young in arms his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti long unmatched in fight,
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd,
So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.

VI.

Tam'd by a boy the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flame,

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter
by an eagle according to the poetical history.

And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind;
Each gen'rous Nero forms to early fame. 24

VII.

A valiant son springs from a valiant sire;
Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the tim'rous dove. 28

VIII.

But education can the genius raise,
And wise instructions native virtue aid;
Nobility without them is disgrace,
And Honour is by vice to shame betray'd. 32

IX.

Let red Metaurus stain'd with Panick blood,
Let mighty Asdrubal subdu'd, confess
How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
By thee, O Rome! to the Neronian race. 36

X.

Of this be witness that auspicious day
Which after a long black tempestuous night
First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning light. 40

XI.

Since the dire African with wasteful fire
Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy,
As thro' the pinetrees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurus o'er the vast Sicilian sea, 44

XII.
 From this bright dra, from this prospi'rous field;
 The Roman glory dates her rising pow'r;
 From hence it was giv'n her cong'ring sword to wield;
 Raise her fall'n gods and ruin'd shrines restor'd.

XIII.
 Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:
 "Like stags to rav'nous Wolves an easy prey
 "Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke;
 "Whom to elude and 'scape were victory;

XIV.
 "A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires
 "Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore
 "Her gods, her infant sons, and aged fires,
 "Thro' angry seas and adverse tempests bore.

XV.
 "As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
 "Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
 "Improves by loss, and thriving with the stroke
 "Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel,

XVI.
 "Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
 "So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules,
 "Nor Thebes nor Colchis such a monster bred,
 "Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies,

XVII.
 "Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun
 "Brighter she rises from the depths below;

- "To earth with unavailing ruin thrown
 "Recruits her strength and foils the wond'ring foe;
 "No more of Victory the joyful fame
 "Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
 "Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name!
 "With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die!
 "What shall the Claudian valour not perform
 "Which pow'r divine guards with propitious care,
 "Which Wisdom steers thro' all the dang'rous storm,
 "Thro' all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war?

PARTS OF AN

ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

TRANSLATED MDCCXXIX, -XXX.

Divitiis alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.

Let others heap of wealth a shining store,
 And much possessing labour still for more;
 Let them disquieted with dire alarms
 Aspire to win a dang'rous fame in arms;
 Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
 Humbly secure and indolently blest;
 Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful heart
 I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;

In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
 In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
 And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
 Some kid or lamb that wants its mother's care:
 With her I'll celebrate each glad some day
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay;
 With her new mill on Pales' altar pour,
 And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bow:
 At night how soothing would it be to hear
 Safe in her arms the tempest howling near,
 Or while the wintry clouds their deluge pour
 Slumber assist'd by the beating shower!
 Ah! how much happier than the fool who braves
 In search of wealth the black tempestuous waves!
 While I contented with my little store
 In tedious voyage seek no distant shore,
 But idly drolling on some shady seat
 Near cooling fountains shun the Dogstar's heat:
 For what reward so rich could Fortune give
 That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
 Let great Mestalla shine in martial toils,
 And grace his palace with triumphal spoils,
 Me Beauty holds in strong tho' gentle chains
 Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains:
 With thee my Love! to pass my tranquil days
 How would I flight Ambition's painful praise!
 How would I joy with thee my Love! to yoke
 The ox and feed my solitary flock!

On thy soft breast might I but lean my head
How downy should I think the woodland bed!

The wretch who sleeps not by his fair one's side
Detests the gilded couch's useless pride; to bid
Nor knows his weary weeping eyes to close
Tho' murm'ring rills invite him to repose.
Hard were his heart who thee my Fair could leave
For all the honours p'f'ous war can give,
Tho' thro' the vanquish'd east he spread his fame,
And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name,
Tho' bright in arms while hosts around him bleed
With martial pride he prest his foaming steed
No pomps like these my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live and in thy arms expire
Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my fast'ning hand yet strive to hold!
Then Delia! then thy heart will melt in woe
Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind;
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind!
But ah! fair Memnon! I conjure thee to part
Thy heaving breasts and loose thy wavy hair;
Wound not thy form, lest on th' Elysian coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost
But now nor death nor parting should employ
Our sprightly thoughts or damp our bridal joy
We'll live my Delia! and from life remove
All care all bus'ness but delightful love.

Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve 65
 Which youth alone can taste alone can give:
 Then let us snatch the moment to be blest;
 This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest. 68

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS,

IN HER SICKNESS.

FROM TIBULLUS.

Sent to a Friend in a Lady's Name.

SAY, my Cerinthus! does thy tender breast
 Feel the same sev'rish heats that mine molest?
 Alas! I only wish for health again
 Because I think my lover shares my pain;
 For what would health avail to wretched me
 If you could unconcern'd my illness see? 6

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
 Myself I torture while the world I cheat:
 Tho' prudence bids me strive to guard my fame
 Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame;
 Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
 Worthy my heart as I am worthy thine:
 Weakness for thee I will no longer hide;
 Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride. 8

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS,

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Quid quari, Labiene, jubes, &c.

WHAT, Labienus! would thy fond desire
 Of horned Jove's prophetick shrine inquire
 Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom
 Or basely live and be a king in Rome?
 If life be nothing more than death's delay,
 If impious Force can honest minds dismay,
 Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain,
 If well to mean is all that Virtue can,
 And right dependant on itself alone
 Gains no addition from success—'Tis known
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
 And Ammon cannot write them deeper there,
 Our souls, ally'd to God, within them feel
 The secret dictates of th' Almighty will:
 This is his voice, be this our oracle.
 When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd
 All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
 Nor can we think the Omnipotent Mind
 Has Truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd,
 There known to few obscur'd and lost to lie.
 Is there a temple of the Deity

Except earth, sea, and air, yon' azure pole,
 And chief his holiest shrine the virtuous soul?
 Where'er the eye can pierce the feet can move,
 This wide this boundless universe, is Jove. 23
 Let abject minds that doubt because they fear
 With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
 I credit not what lying prophets tell—
 Death is the only certain oracle.
 Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
 This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more. 31

ODE,

IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

O primavera gioventu del anno.

WRITTEN ABROAD IN MDCCXXIX.

I.

PARENT of blooming flow'rs and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring!
 At whose approach inspir'd with equal fies
 The am'rous nightingale and poet sing;

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
 Return the smiling hours I once possess;
 Blessings thou bringst to others, but to me
 The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

Thy faded charms which Winter snatch'd away
 Renew'd in all their former lustre shine,
 But ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
 Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flow'rs adorn the green,
 Tho' on their wings soft Zephirs fragrance bear,
 Harsh is the musick, joyless is the scene,
 The odour faint, for Delia is not there.

V.

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun
 From thee while absent I in exile rove;
 Thy lovely presence, fairest light! alone
 Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

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From the APOLLO TREES,
by the MARTINS;
Nov. 17. 1781.

THE END.

